

THURSDAY-Aug. 17-Another of Maine's wonderful clear days-my darling-the atmosphere was so wonderfully clear that a party was formed to climb Western Mt.-we left at 10 for S. W. Harbor-took an auto to the foot of the mountain-had lunch on top-and returned reaching Islesford at 6:15-another tired night-so am taking a hot bath to take out the soreness in the muscles & turning in early-Good night dear darling heart. I whistled "Where Are You Now" and "Romance of Your Eyes" as we went up the mountain-You were with me every moment-the air clear and strong today-like our love.

FRIDAY-Aug. 18-What a contrast to yesterday, my dear-late last night we had a thunder shower & that changed the atmosphere-fog set in this morning-it was so thick I gave up thought of going to Seal Harbor for mail-so sent off Parish post cards and waited for this afternoon-then the fog was worse than ever-so I shall have to wait until to-morrow & I KNOW those letters are there. Blessed heart I know that when I get back to N. B. I shall not want to be out of your sight for ONE MOMENT. How wonderful our love is! How it has grown even in these three weeks-I feel that it is richer, deeper-stronger-more perfect than ever-The truth of the "Living Sacrifice" is my Rock of Ages.

SATURDAY-Aug. 19-Dear, dear heart-all those precious letters that I received at Seal Harbor this morning! Dearest your letters have been marvelous-so true, calm, strong, the very reflection of yourself-I can feel YOU thro' and Thro' every one of them-I had to make a purpose to get to Seal H. to-day so suggested a trip to Bar Harbor-we go to Seal then take a boat to Bar Harbor-over there we did a few errands and I tried to get the "Indian Love Lyrics" of Laurence Hope,-no luck- will try in Boston-later we finished up at Jordan Pond & I got another letter on my way back from there-Good night beloved mine! You will be writing your last letter to me to-day- will these days EVER pass until I hold you close again?

SUNDAY-Aug. 20-Another Sunday away from you-dearest heart-always you are "immer" (Note: "always") with me-yet on Sundays you always seem especially near- because I know we are worshipping together-today I went over to St. Mary's Church-N. E. Harbor-it was a fine service-Bishop Brewster of Conn. had charge of the service-a Hy. Lewis preached on the text-it is Finished-saying that it referred to character. So our Lord emphasized character rather than achievement-It isn't what HAS as what a man IS-a fine service-morning prayer and the Holy Communion-In the P. M. I took a nap-read a little-& took a short walk to Maypole Point to see the sunset. Nothing doing to-night so I have read a little & am now ready to get to bed-Good night darling 5 more days & D. V. I can clasp you close to myself again.

MONDAY-Aug. 21-Off for a long trip to-day. At 10 we left for Seal, where I got all your dear letters, which included those lovely poems. Dearest, I really have been very clever in the way I have gotten mail steadily at Seal, and no one knows anything about it. How our love sharpens our wits! When we went-a party of 7-to Jordan Pond-the Bubbles-S. W. Valley-the chasm-the Grant Slide and Somes Sound. In all, about 10 or 12 miles, and rather stiff walking and climbing. We